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## **STEPPING INTO MY “GRANDMA SPACE”: A TIMELINE JOURNEY**

*by Cassie Zievers*

*Cassie Zievers is a lifelong spiritual adventurer. She dreamed about going to The Monroe Institute for twenty-nine years before finally attending a GATEWAY VOYAGE® program in October of 2003. When asked for a comment, she stated, “It was bloody well about time!” She has three grown children and is starting a business as a meditation teacher and hypnotherapist in Minnesota. Cassie has also written about her GATEWAY VOYAGE experiences on the Love Blobs Web site.*

It was blissfully warm and sunny when I arrived at The Monroe Institute for my *TIMELINE*® program in March 2004—a far cry from the harsh Minnesota winter I’d left behind. The mild weather was some consolation as I had arrived with a persistent headache. I was determined, however, to make the most of my time at TMI.

The *TIMELINE* program was different in tone and overall feel than my October 2003 *GATEWAY VOYAGE*. *GATEWAY* had been a very high-energy program with lots of laughs and fun. *TIMELINE* was the same whenever we gathered as a group, but when there was work to be done the tone was often more somber. I realized that *TIMELINE* would not be anything like *GATEWAY*. That was fortunate because I would soon come to find that I was stepping into my “grandma space.” Although I had an idea of what I hoped to accomplish and gain from the experience, I knew better than to hold too tightly to expectations. Life may well have other plans, and that was definitely the case this time around!

On my second full day things really started bubbling up to the surface. The headache persisted and was accompanied by a bit of nausea and a vague sense of fear—for no apparent reason. These symptoms grew in intensity as the day wore on until the pressure felt unbearable. I finally sat down on the couch in the Fox Den with trainer Lee Stone to discuss my feelings. Lee mentioned that at times, when we delve into our past lives we may confront some dark images. He reminded me that we can maintain a safe distance from such images.

Instead of feeling comforted, I felt even more agitated after our talk. It wasn’t what Lee had said; it was me. Even having a massage later on didn’t help much. My agitation increased until I felt ready to jump right out of my skin! When I finally got back to my CHEC unit for the first of the afternoon’s exercises, I was tired of the pain, tired of the nausea, and tired of being afraid. I knew that the only way out was to go through it. Lying in my CHEC unit I spoke out loud, to no one in particular: “All right, let’s get this over with.... Bring it on!!”

The first lifetime I was drawn to took place during the time of the Roman Empire. I was a soldier in battle, and I saw myself lying on the battlefield bleeding to death. I had taken a number of men down before I got skewered in the stomach myself, and I remembered how that felt. I was tired of the carnage, tired of war, sick of the fact that I had been dragged into it yet again. Perhaps I let myself be killed in order to finally be done with it. Coming to grips with this suddenly relieved my nausea.

The second lifetime I was drawn to was every bit as emotionally charged as the last one, if not more so. I was in a house on an island off the coast of Greece. It was light and airy inside—a beautiful house that I shared with my sister. My name was Olara and my sister and I were always arguing. The event I witnessed was apparently a pivotal one for the evolution of our relationship. We had ALWAYS argued. We were both steadfastly entrenched in our positions and very ego oriented. This day was no different than any other in that respect... or was it?

As we argued I finally realized there was no way for either of us to ever win... ever! I would have to be the first to let it go, so I disengaged and refused to participate any further. This ticked my sister off even more. She stomped around the house, shouting things she hoped would push my buttons and get me going again. I sat in the living room hoping to wait it out. She stormed back into the room; I never saw the knife. In one rapid motion she cut my throat. I sat there in utter shock and disbelief. Even in my wildest dreams I never believed her capable of that and, curiously, didn't blame her now. I moved quickly into forgiveness, never stopped loving her, and as my life ebbed away I left that scene.

Part of this exercise had been to ask some important questions, like "What did you learn from this experience?" I laughingly answered, "Do not engage the Borg!" Flippant perhaps, but an important point. I was never going to win and neither was she; I had simply been the first to realize it. I then asked, "Who was she to me in my current life?" There was a moment of hesitation as I heard my guide ask someone else, "Do you think she's ready to know?" Then came the answer: "Your grandmother."

That response blew me away! It also answered some nagging questions about my relationship with my grandmother. We had always argued about anything and everything—stupid, pointless little things. I got really tired of it in later years. I had never done this with anyone else in my life. It also struck me as odd that she had always felt eclipsed by Grandpa. I dearly loved him from babyhood. She felt that meant I loved her less, and nothing could convince her otherwise. Then I was called back to California during the last two years of her life. I cared for her right up until the end, despite difficulties, and she finally understood that I loved her. Our relationship was finally healed, and seeing it from a past life perspective, I truly comprehended the magnitude of that healing.

Just in case this wasn't quite spectacular enough, there was yet more to come—a reward for all my pain beyond the healing I had already been given. The exercise was to go and speak with my future self. This older me had lived my full life and, now near death, would give me some insight into my future. The first image showed me standing in my daughter and son-in-law's house. She had just given birth to a beautiful baby boy. As I stood there holding my grandson, my son-in-law leaned over the bed talking to my daughter lovingly. The baby was warm in my arms. I turned away from them and presented my new grandson to our ancestors—those I have known and those I have never known but am bound to by love. I lifted the child up and told them, “Look what my baby girl has done for us today!” It doesn't get any better than this!!

Postscript:

Headache or no headache, I had found myself acting very uncharacteristically during the program. I kept telling silly, pointless stories. Anyone in the group who would stand still for three minutes got quite an earful! Near the end of our week together, I finally realized what was happening. I had indeed stepped into my “grandma space” and had become my grandmother!

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